ALL in the RIGHT:

OR, THE

CUCKOLD in GOOD EARNEST.

A

FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS,

As it was agreed to be acted at

A CERTAIN THEATRE.

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is ſtolen;
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

OTHELLO.

LONDON:
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BRITISH MUSEUM

PROLOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

WHAT you before ne'er ſaw, all in the right,
Our daring Poet ſhews you, Sirs, to-night;
You'll ſee, beſides, a Sight oft ſeen at Court,
And in the City, if we truſt Report;
A Cuckold, Sirs; nay, laugh not, 'tis no Jeſt.
Our City Knight 's a Cuckold, I proteſt.
At Court Sir *John* was dubb'd a Knight for life,
At home he's dubb'd a Cuckold by his Wife,
And yet Sir *John* appears in every Place,
And feels no Shame, — for 'tis a common Caſe.
How many in this crowded Houſe I ſee,
Who rank with horn'd Beaſts as well as he;
For this Diſeaſe, a Remedy I know,
And to the Afflicted will the Cure beſtow;
A Secret, Sirs, but quickly I'll unlock it,
The Secret's—put your Horns into your Pocket.
The Thing's a Trifle, when from your Spouſe conceal'd,
And no great Matter when to him reveal'd.
So live content, nor mind what's ſaid in Sport,
Youll' do, Sirs, only as—they do at Court.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir JOHN THOUGHTLESS.
Major BLOOD.
Lord FRENZY.
WILDAIR.
WILLIAM, Servant to Sir JOHN.

WOMEN.

Lady THOUGHTLESS.
BETTY. } Servants,
POLLY. }
Waiter, Women of the Town, &c.

ALL in the RIGHT:

OR, THE CUCKOLD in GOOD EARNEST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Park.*

Lady Thoughtleſs *enters with* Wildair, *turns into the* Bird-Cage Walk, *then enters Sir* John Thoughtleſs *and* William.

Sir *JOHN.*

WHAT you tell me appears quite incredible; I have not the leaſt Doubt of my Wife's Virtue: It can't be ſhe that goes yonder Arm and Arm with that young Fellow.

I'll warrant ſhe's now at home reading the Whole Duty of Woman, or ſome other good Book.

William. I hope it may turn out ſo, Sir, but I have often ſeen her with that young Fellow of late, and I thought it my Duty, as a faithful Servant, to give you notice of it.

Sir *John.* For my Part, it is quite equal to me, for if once I prove her haggard, as *Othello* ſays, I'll whiſtle her off. I am reſolved not to make a Life of Jealouſy, ſo if once I begin to doubt, I ſhall not be long in forming a Reſolution.

William. I wiſh, Sir, my Suſpicions may prove unjuſt, but I have ſometimes ſeen another Gentleman at the Houſe, when you are out of the Way, and I am afraid there is ſomething bad going forward.

Sir *John.* If I could but once get ſufficient Proof to procure a Divorce, I ſhould think myſelf very happy; for tho' my Wife has Beauty, and tho' her Virtue has not been hitherto called in Queſtion, I am quite weary of her. Make it your Buſineſs to watch all her Motions,

and

and bid your Wife, *Suſan*, take particular Care to open every Letter that ſhe receives; for my Part, I have of late devoted myſelf ſo much to Drinking, that I can't bear to quit my Bottle, tho' even to get rid of my Wife. This is Club-Day, ſo I ſhall go directly go to the Tavern; in the mean Time keep a good Look-out.

SCENE II.

Enter Lady Thoughtleſs *and* Wildair.

Lady *Thoughtleſs*. To be ſure a Huſband is an odious Animal, but I can ſay one Thing for mine, he ſeldom troubles me with his Company, nor never diſcover'd any Symptoms of Jealouſy till of late; I doubt that Dog *William* puts bad Things into his Head, but I know how to bribe him; I am ſure all ſuch Fellows have their Price.

Wildair. Undoubtedly they have; 'tis his own Intereſt, and not his Maſter's Honour, the Scoundrel has at Heart; if we could remove that Obſtacle to our Loves, our Bark would ſail ſmoothly before Wind and Stream. If I am

not

not very much miſtaken, I ſaw Sir *John Thoughtleſs* and he dogging us a while ago.

Lady *Thoughtleſs.* Poh, that's meer Fancy; but let us think of ſome more agreeable Subject of Converſation, I am beginning to be quite tired of this.

Wildair. Love is the only Subject I can talk of, but it has taken ſuch Poſſeſſion of my Heart, that if once I enter upon it, I ſhall talk all Day long.

Lady *Thoughtleſs.* Then you had beſt defer it to another Opportunity, for I am quite in haſte now, meet me at Six o' Clock at Mrs. *Topknot*'s, the Milliner's, and there we'll toy away an Hour or two.

Wildair (ſolus.) I know not what ſhe means by toying away an Hour or two, but I'll take care not to miſs the Aſſignation, for tho' I am now quite cloy'd with her Charms, ſhe ſtill continues to pay me well; and now I am beginning to think this a leſs laborious Way of gaining a Livelihood, than by the Cards or Dice. Damn the Cards, I ſay; they are more

inconſtant;

inconſtant and capricious, than even Women themſelves. [*Exit* Wildair.

SCENE III.

A Room in a Tavern.

Sir John Thoughtleſs, *Lord* Frenzy, *and Major* Blood *ſitting at a Table, with Wine, Punch, &c. before them.*

All. Huzza!

Sir *John.* Come, Gentlemen, now our Souls are enliven'd by the noble Spirit of Bacchus, let us talk of the Affairs of the Nation; I always prepare myſelf for the Diſcuſſion of politics, as the old Germans did; by a *quantum ſufficit* of Liquor.

Major *Blood.* That's my Way, damn me; a Water-drinker can no more be a good Politician, than a good Poet. But, for my Part, I don't much trouble my Head about the Affairs of the Nation; my Buſineſs is to execute, and not to deliberate.

Lord *Frenzy.* Right, Major; the Affairs of the Nation ſhould be left to us, in whom is con-

concenter'd the Senſe of the Nation: You Officers ſhould be the Swords of the State; but as for us, our Council is our Shield.

Sir *John.* Do you think we ſhall have a Spaniſh War.

Lord *Frenzy.* That's an Event that ſtill lies buried in the Womb of Time. But, be that as it will, I'd hold a hundred Guineas to ten, that the War laſts three Years longer; and then upon what Terms it will be made, that's the Queſtion. For my Part, I'm afraid it will turn out a ſecond Peace of Utrecht.

Major *Blood.* Not except you have a Hand in the Negociation.

All. Hah! hah! hah!

Major *Blood.* Damn it, Gentlemen, I'm tir'd of this ſerious Converſation; let us away to Bob D-rr-y's, and there ſpend the reſt of the Night.

Lord *Frenzy.* I ſecond that Motion, damn me.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A Chamber in the Houſe of Mrs. Topknot, *the Milliner.*

Lady Thoughtleſs *is ſeen ſitting at a Table;* Wildair *oppoſite to her, in his Night-gown.*

Wildair. Thus let me ever gaze upon thy Charms: Whilſt of thy Love poſſeſs'd, what is the Univerſe beſide to me!

Lady *Thoughtleſs.* Wildair, you make Love in Terms too romantic; ſuch rapturous Strains will make me call your Sincerity in queſtion.

Wildair. Will you then ever doubt my faithful Love.

Lady *Thoughtleſs.* Some Inſtinct tells me, 'tis pretended all.

Wildair. By Heavens, my Charmer, you are in the wrong.

Lady *Thoughtleſs.* My Mind miſgives me, that I'm in the right.

Wildair. Theſe Suſpicions, tho' groundleſs and injurious to my Love, give me ſome Plea-

ſure ſtill; they prove, at leaſt, I'm not indifferent to you.

Lady *Thoughtleſs.* I oft have given you many ſtronger Proofs.

Wildair. Let us employ our precious Moments better; let Love engroſs our Souls; let us leave jealous Fears to Wives and Huſbands; a Love-attachment ſhould be all Gentleneſs and Joy.

Lady *Thoughtleſs.* Oh that ſeducing Tongue of yours; it taught me firſt to ſtray from Virtue's Paths.

Wildair. (aſide) By the bye, you had ſtray'd far enough from them long before I ever ſaw your Face.

Lady *Thoughtleſs.* This is a dull Sort of a Room; ſuppoſe we were to retire into the next.

Wildair. That's a good Hint, for there is a Bed in it. [*To Lady Thoughtleſs*] Come then my Fair,

And let the God of Love
Play in your Eyes, and animate your Heart.

Lady

Lady *Thoughtleſs.* Come, come, no more Rants; I can't endure them; they only make me think your Paſſion feign'd.

Wildair. By this Kiſs, there never was a Paſſion more ſincere.

Lady *Thoughtful.* Come, come; you're growing naughty. [*Striking him on the Shoulder with her Fan.*]

Wildair. Then, Madam, I'll make you ample Satisfaction.

Lady *Thoughtleſs.* Aye, aye; we all know that you are very much of a Gentleman.

[*Exeunt, Arm in Arm.*

SCENE V.

A Room at Bob D-rr-y's *Houſe.*

Sir John Thoughtleſs, *Major* Blood, *and Lord* Frenzy, *ſitting at a Table, with three Whores, over Wine, Punch, &c.*

Sir *John.* Come, your Toaſt Madam.

1*ſt. Whore.* I can't think of one.

Sir *John.* Try, and rub your Memory.

1*ſt. Whore.* Why, then, I give you Black and White.

All. An excellent Toaſt; let's drink it in a Bumper.

Major *Blood.* Damn it I never heard a higher Toaſt in my Life.

2*d. Whore.* Ill give you a higher; here's Black and all Black.

All. Excellent, by Jupiter; we'll drink that in a Bumper too.

3*d. Whore.* I'll give you a Toaſt that ſhall beat them both.

Sir *John.* I'll hold you a Bottle of Wine you don't.

3*d. Whore.* Come, Gentlemen, I give you the Thing.

Major *Blood.* Damn it, Sir John, you have loſt; the Thing for ever.

Sir *John.* I own I have loſt; here, Waiter, bring us another Bottle.

Waiter. Your Honour ſhall have it preſently.

Sir

Sir *John.* Come, Ladies, give us a Song.

1*ſt. Whore.* I have got a violent Cold; I can't ſing juſt now.

2*d. Whore.* So have I.

3*d. Whore.* Come, Gentlemen, I'll give you a Song that was made by one of the beſt Poets in England.

Whatever Bards of high Renown,
In ancient Times might ſing;
My Song ſhall more delight the Town,
My Subject is the Thing.

Gallants, who ramble up and down,
Here all your Off'rings bring;
And make in Wine, which Care does drown,
Libations to the Thing.

Sir *John.* Bravo, bravo; but its now Time for us to think of retiring to Repoſe.

Major *Blood.* Let's have one Bottle more firſt.

Lord *Frenzy.* I ſhan't ſecond that Motion; I'm half fuddled.

Sir

Sir *John*. My Lord, you're in the right, for once in your Life. [*Rising.*

From Bacchus' Joys to Cupid's let's repair;
Our Lives to Wine devote, and to the Fair:
Prepar'd for Raptures by the chearful Glass,
Let each, apart, conduct his fav'rite Lass.

[*They go out, Two and Two.*

End of ACT I.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Houſe of Sir John Thoughtleſs.

Sir John *ſitting at a Table,* William *waiting.*

Sir *JOHN.*

MY Head aches damnably.

William. (aſide) 'Tis no great Wonder it ſhould; my Lady came home ſo late Yeſterday.

Sir *John.* William, at what Time did your Miſtreſs come home laſt Night.

William. A little after One, Sir.

Sir *John.* She came from ſome Rout, I ſuppoſe; this Paſſion for Play makes the Women go as great Lengths, as Drinking does us.

William.

William. (aſide) There is another Paſſion that makes Women go much greater Lengths.

Sir *John.* I have not the leaſt Doubt of my Wife's Virtue, as 'tis call'd: But her Extravagance is ſo great, that ſhe'll certainly ruin me at laſt: I wiſh that I could prove myſelf a Cuckold, with an Eagerneſs as great as ſome Mens dread to find themſelves ſo.

William. Perhaps you may ſhortly find the Occaſion.

Sir *John.* I'll ſtep to the Chocolate-Houſe, and try to amuſe myſelf with the News of the Day: Damn this Head-ach. [*Exit* Sir *John.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

William, *ſolus.*

William. I think my Maſter ſhould rather ſay, damn theſe Horns; for he's a Cuckold, if there be one at the Court-End of the Town: I muſt keep a conſtant look-out: If I could but once contrive Means to make Sir John catch her in the Fact, I know he'd reward me handſomely; but the Opportunity has not hitherto offer'd.

SCENE III.

Enter Betty.

Betty. William, my Miſtreſs would be glad to ſpeak to you: The late Hours which Sir John keeps, and his Coldneſs to her, has filled her Mind with jealous Suſpicions.

William. (aſide) If ſhe has any jealous Suſpicions, 'tis of me, and not of Sir John; ſhe perceives that I'm a Spy upon her Conduct. [*To* Betty.] Mrs. Betty; to be ſure, Sir John neglects my Lady too much, and it gives me a great deal of Concern.

Betty. Come to my Lady directly; ſhe's reſolv'd to get you to keep a watchful Eye over all Sir John's Motions.

William. (aſide) 'Tis juſt as I gueſs'd.

SCENE IV.

Lady Thoughtleſs, William, *and* Betty.

Lady *Thoughtleſs.* William, you muſt ſerve me in a certain Affair; and the better to engage you to it, I ſhall pay you before-hand. [*Gives him a Purſe.*

William. I return your Ladyſhip a Thouſand Thanks,

Thanks, and will endeavour to ſerve you to the utmoſt of my Power.

Lady *Thoughtleſs.* William; I have for ſome Time had great Suſpicions of Sir John's Fidelity: Come, you are his Confidant; What Intrigue is he carrying on now?

William. I can't ſay any Thing, in particular; but Sir John ſometimes gives me Letters to carry to a Lady that I ſtrongly ſuſpect of being a Woman of the Town.

Lady *Thoughtleſs.* William; the next time he gives you ſuch a one, let me have it, and I'll make you a handſome Preſent.

William. Your Ladyſhip ſhall be punctually obey'd. [*Exit* William.

SCENE V.

Lady Thoughtleſs *and* Betty.

Lady *Thoughtleſs.* Now if this Fellow, like a knaviſh Attorney who takes Money on both Sides, ſhould diſcover what has paſt to Sir John, it would be an ugly Thing for me: But, upon ſecond Thoughts, 'tis no great Matter whether he does or no; for I ſtill have it in my Power to deny all.

SCENE VI.

ARTHUR's *COFFEE-HOUSE.*

Sir John Thoughtleſs, *Lord* Frenzy, *and* *Major* Blood.

Sir *John.* Well, I think the Coffee has ſettled my Head pretty well; now let us

to

to our Affairs: Where ſhall we ſpend the Night?

Lord *Frenzy.* Why, at Bob D-rr-y's; the laſt Night we paſs'd there was a very merry one.

Major *Blood.* We were all quite right; we muſt take a Hair of the ſame Dog.

Sir *John.* Would the Night was come, for the Day hangs damn'd heavily upon my Hands: How ſhall we beguile away the Time till the Hour of dining?

Lord *Frenzy.* Why, let us take a Walk in the Park.

Sir *John.* Agreed. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE.

SCENE VII.

An Apartment in Sir John Thoughtleſs's *Houſe.*

Lady Thoughtleſs, *ſolus.*

Lady *Thoughtleſs.* I have not ſeen that dear young Fellow, Wildair, all Day; I'm afraid he has ſome new Intrigue upon his Hands; I'll ſit down and write him a Note.

Enter Betty.

Betty. Madam, here's a Letter for you.

Lady *Thoughtleſs.* *(opening the Letter)* I know who it comes from: Betty, go and order John to have the Chariot ready for me at Seven o'Clock. [*Exit* Betty.

Lady

Lady Thoughtleſs, *ſolus.*

Lady *Thoughtleſs.* This is one of the kindeſt Letters I ever receiv'd from Wildair: I muſt read it over again. *(reads)*

" Idol of my Soul,

" WHEN you are from me, I think
" every Place a Deſert, and I myſelf
" ſeem ſavage and forlorn: If I could but
" flatter myſelf with the Hopes of ſeeing you
" To-night at Mrs. Topknot's, the pleaſing
" Expectation would heal my diſtracted Soul,
" and preſerve from Death the diſponding

" WILDAIR."

How elegant and tender: I will not fail the aſſignation; ſo, dear Wildair, you ſhan't die To-night.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

William, *ſolus.*

William. By this Time Sir John's at the Tavern, and will no doubt paſs the Night amongſt his Brother-Rakes, in the Precincts of Covent-Garden. My Lady is now dreſſing; and, by what I can gather from Betty, will paſs the Night with the young Spark that I ſaw t'other Day in St. James's-Park. Formerly I was in the Intereſts of Sir John; but my Lady has uſed ſuch prevailing Arguments, that I have determin'd to eſpouſe her Cauſe. Indeed it is no great Pity that my Maſter ſhould be made a Cuckold, ſince nothing but ocular Demonſtration can convince him that he is one; beſides, he never feed me as well as my Lady has done, and I am quite of the Lawyer's Way of thinking; I always under-

take

take the Cauſe of the Party that fees me beſt; So, like a good Lawyer, I ſhall do all I can for my Client; and let all the World ſay I am in the Wrong; whilſt I touch the Money, I'm ſure I am in the Right. But, Sir John, you'll ſoon want me, ſo I'll away to the Tavern where he dines, and drink a Bottle, at his Expence.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

An Apartment in the Houſe of Mrs. Topknot.

Wildair, *ſolus.*

Wildair. Lovers think every Moment an Age; my Love is now grown tolerably cool, and yet I am as impatient as if it was but of a Month's Standing. Intereſt is at the Bottom of this; 'tis that inſpires me to act the paſſionate Lover, at the ſame Time that my Heart is perfectly indifferent. But here comes Lady Thoughtleſs. My Charmer comes at laſt; her Preſence puts to Flight my Cares. She comes like Health, like

Life and Happineſs to a diſtreſt, deſpairing, and abandoned Lover.

Enter Lady Thoughtleſs.

Lady *Thoughtleſs.* Still in the old fuſtian Strain! This is but a very indifferent Proof of your Paſſion.

Wildair. Then ſuffer me to give a better. [*Embraces her with Ardour.*

Lady *Thoughtleſs.* So, you're ever on Extremes; all diſtant Adoration, or downright Familiarity.

Wildair. A Paſſion like mine can admit of no Medium.

Lady *Thoughtleſs.* Lovers indeed are ſeldom of a philoſophical Diſpoſition. [*A Noiſe is heard.*] Lord! what Noiſe is this? I muſt enquire of the Girl. [*Rings a Bell.*

Enter Polly.

Lady *Thoughtleſs.* Polly, What's the Meaning of that Noiſe I heard a while ago?

Polly.

Polly. Lord! Madam, I am frighten'd out of my Wits; a poor Gentleman has juſt been brought wounded into the Shop, and the Surgeon is now examining his Wounds.

Lady *Thoughtleſs.* Oh! Is that all. That's all I wanted to know. [*Exit* Polly.

Wildair. The Wounds that Cupid has made in my Heart, are as dangerous as any that can be made by the Sword, unleſs the lovely Fair, that made them, conſents to undertake the Cure.

Lady *Thoughtleſs.* Admirably declaim'd, on my Conſcience. Wildair, you would have made an excellent Actor; you would have done Wonders in the Character of Theodoſius.

Wildair. One Thing, at leaſt, I am ſure of; you make me feel the whole Force of Love; but 'tis unkind thus to trifle with my Paſſion; 'twill make me doubt the Sincerity of yours. Thoſe that really feel the Power of Love, never make it the Subject of Merriment.

Lady *Thoughtleſs.* I am glad to find you ſo ſerious; this almoſt perſuades me that you are in Love in good Earneſt.

Wildair. (aſide) So; I ſuppoſe ſhe wants ſome Proof of it in good Earneſt. Madam, my Paſſion is ſo ſtrong, that I ſigh and languiſh whilſt abſent from you; and when you are preſent, I wiſh every Moment for the Completion of my Happineſs.

Lady *Thoughtleſs.* Come, come, let's talk no more of Love Affairs; there's a pretty Collection of Books in next Room; come, let us go in; you ſhall read ſome French Romance; you read the French admirably.

Wildair. (aſide) I know what ſhe means by reading a French Romance: Come, then, my my Chamer, let's yield our Souls alooſe to amorous Toys.

Lady

Lady *Thoughtleſs.* Lord! what Noiſe is that? There's Somebody at the Door.

[*The Door burſts open.*

SCENE X.

Enter Sir John Thoughtleſs, *with his Arm bound up, followed by Mrs.* Topknot, *and Servants.*

Sir *John.* So, Madam, you're found out at laſt; I long'd for ſuch an Opportunity, for I have always had a Suſpicion of you, notwithſtanding all your prudiſh Airs.

Lady *Thoughtleſs.* Sir John, I ſcorn your Suſpicions, but I have ſome Reaſon to ſuſpect you, you have led ſuch a Life for a long Time; only read this Letter, Sir John, and then we ſhall ſee who's in the right. [*Sir John opens the Letter, and reads.*].

Sir

Sir *John. (aſide)* By Heavens! a Letter from Biddy Gayleſs; ſhe's quite in the Right in her Suſpicions; but I have my Suſpicions too: I find my Forehead ſwelling damnably. Lady Thoughtleſs, How comes that young Fellow to be alone with you?

Wildair. Sir John, I happen'd to paſs this Way, and ſaw the Lady come out of her Chair; as ſoon as ſhe came out of it, ſhe fell almoſt into a Swoon; ſo I help'd her up Stairs, and call'd for a Glaſs of Hartſhorn. When the Lady recover'd, I enquired into the Cauſe of her Diſorder, and ſhe told me that ſhe was quite weary of her Life; that ſhe came in queſt of her Huſband, who, ſhe fear'd, had diſhonour'd the Marriage-Bed, becauſe, by a Letter ſhe had intercepted in the Morning, ſhe found he had an Aſſignation in that Part of the Town.

Sir *John.* By Heavens! he ſeems to be in the Right. Come, my Dear, let us no longer

longer liſten to the Suggeſtions of Jealouſy. I own I weakly entertain'd ſome Suſpicions, but I find that I am in the Wrong, and you and that Gentleman in the Right.

Wildair. Sir, your Lady's Virtue can ſtand the ſtricteſt Teſt; give me Leave to congratulate you of being poſſeſſed of ſo good a Wife.

Sir *John.* Sir, I believe you are quite in the Right, my Dear, I'm ready to go home with you directly.

All my Suſpicions muſt be wrong to-night;
I find my virtuous Wife is in the Right.

FINIS.

41 AP 54